



(C) Keystone

VICE PRESIDENT MARSHALL

The Least Submerged Vice President

GENTLEMEN: the Vice President of the United States! Probably the least submerged and the most decorous of all Vice Presidents. He has been anything but a nonentity, but he has never exceeded his position. Whenever he has had anything to say, it has been sound, strong and satisfying. He stands for something and knows what it is. His discretion during the time of the President's illness has marked him as a singularly well-balanced man. Mr. Marshall has his little jokes at his own expense: he says that he is President Wilson's "only vice." He has his jokes at the expense of the Senate over which he rules, also. One day when a dozen Senators had orated to the tune of "what this country needs is—," the Vice President leaned over his desk and said to a clerk, but audible to the whole chamber, "What this country needs is a good 5-cent cigar." He is a religious man by inclination. The photograph given here is one of his latest and is very successful in revealing the strength and character of the man. This is a new photograph of the Vice President.

The Wasted Two

SIXTY-FIVE per cent of Australia's returned veterans are back either in their old jobs or in the same line of work they gave up to enlist for service.

Only 22 per cent have taken advantage of the government's offer to apportion jobs to them.

Some 11 per cent returned to new jobs, obtained by themselves, and of a different nature to their former employment.

Of every hundred soldiers Australia has received back, two are counted as wastage.

Considering the distance Australia was from the war, the youthfulness of the nation, and the radical character of much of its population, it is at least remarkable to find the Pacific Commonwealth leading the world in rehabilitation of soldiers.

It is true that the Australian has a leaning toward work, not always recognized by those not well acquainted with him.

Australia can afford to reflect complacently on the two per cent wastage. It is not much; and the influence of the 98 industrious ones must make the idle two feel very lonesome. If that is the sort of army Australia put in the field for war, it is time the world began to take notice of the sort of an army Australia puts in her fields in peace.

There has long been a general impression that Australia is a hotbed of radicalism. It has a Labor administration and in Australia Labor has advanced further politically than anywhere else in the world. Radicalism exists. But it is also quite true that a greater percentage of the population actually work for their living in Australia than anywhere else.

That probably explains the splendid readjustment to civil life and the magnificent reduction of the wastage to an inconsiderable two per cent.

Now it will be interesting to see what Australia does with those two men.

Sending Home German Prisoners of War



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HERE are German prisoners about to be released from detention in France. Some of them have been in captivity for two or three years, even longer. The stone barracks in which they lived are shown in the background. A French officer in the foreground is consulting with a German about the program by which the Germans are to be sent home. The men are lined up for instruction. They are a well-kept looking lot and their French captors seem to have dealt well with them. The returning soldier is a very important part of Germany's wealth just now, for it is by his efforts that the wheels of German life must be started again. When these men reach Germany they are received with all the honors suitable to returning heroes. They are inspired with the thought of one day redressing the balance and winning back the fatherland's lost prestige. But none of them want the kaiser back.



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An Airplane on Runners

THIS airplane can land on a snowdrift, or hop off again at a speed of 90 miles an hour. It is an aerial snow sled—a flying machine on runners. The ordinary plane of the flying fields is equipped with wheels, the hydroplane with pontoons, but here is a flying machine on skis.

FROM OUR READERS

Following the Bell-Wether

TO THE EDITOR: We are fast approaching the season of primary elections when nearly every mail will bring circular letters from prospective candidates for political office. We may expect to receive the time-honored letter from the man who in the opening paragraph makes the assertion that he has always voted his party ticket. In the year 1920, this statement will not carry the weight it has in former years. While the intention is to get the good will of the voter, in many cases it will have the opposite effect this year which may be taken as a hopeful sign of the times. It is an admission that he is labeled and owned by a political party, a subservient follower and swallower of anything and everything his party might perpetrate.

To him conformity is the highest of virtues. It matters not to him how good men or what good measures may be connected with the opposing ticket, or what evil men and bad measures may be connected with his ticket; his political affiliation has been marked out for him or by him when he first became a voter, and to change, to give any adherence to any man or measure put forth by the opposing party, either in a local or a national election, would, to him, be little less than treason. He is part of the party and proposes to vote straight under all circumstances. He is entirely satisfied with his own pasture, and it never occurs to him to look over the fence and investigate whether there is anything better in the next field. Not only is this his attitude, but he boasts of it and hopes by this means to gain votes.

To him politics is a shrewd cunning that knows best how to profit by the weaknesses of other men. In the past we all, like sheep, have been prone to follow some bell-wether, irrespective of whether he is leading to good pasture or into the wilderness. Too many of us have accepted our politics, our religion, our ideas of right and wrong, ready-made; it is so much easier to follow this course than to pursue a course our own conscience has marked out, irrespective of the opinions of others. It seems pleasanter to conform to the ideas of the majority, or the most influential of those who happen to be of our own class, than to start out for ourselves and beat a new trail; it gives rise to less criticism; it causes less friction.

But, when one carries this so far that he identifies himself soul and body with one particular party, and boasts of the fact that he has never voted any other ticket, he is labeling himself as one to be led, not to lead—as one to be delivered at the polls by some political boss, and not as one to hold some important office requiring character and decision; he deserves the support of no robust American citizen.

The line fences that divide the world into two classes—as my political party, my economic views all right; and the other political parties, and economic views all wrong—is all very well for small minds. It is perhaps the best substitute for thinking but it fails to conform to our present ideals of true American citizenship. We are beginning to realize as never before that such artificial fences do not have all sheep on one side and all goats on the other. The good and the evil are fairly mixed wherever we go.

A. L. Gilbert.

Hiawatha, Kansas.

Madison's First-Born White Child

TO THE EDITOR: In your issue of February 21 occurs a marked error of history. This excellent article on Vinnie Ream, sculptress of Lincoln, says she "was the first white child born in Madison—September 25, 1847." As a matter of fact, Mrs. Roseline Peck, wife of Eben Peck, became the mother of a baby girl here on September 14, 1837, and this baby girl, now Mrs. A. S. Hawley, of Delton, still lives. The Pecks were the first permanent white settlers of Madison, coming in the spring of 1837. Their little log home was the earliest boarding house at the future capital; and in that very home Vinnie Ream also was born, her father, Robert L. Ream, having succeeded Peck as "mine host" in 1838. The structure was razed in 1857, after having a notable history for twenty years. The Peck baby was named Wisconsin Victoria, in honor of the territory and of the young English Queen crowned the very year of the birth.

Sincerely yours,
Madison, Wisconsin. O. D. Brandenburg.